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They Say It's Love

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They Say It

"Love" means many things to many people. Have you ever tried to explain its meaning? We asked several Iowa State students and faculty, "What is love?" Here are their answers.

A COED WITH NO ROMANTIC ATTACHMENTS

Love is not a superficial feeling of joy, a walking on clouds all day or flitting about like a butterfly. Love goes deeper than these things, deep into the hearts of men from where it swells up to give purpose and richness to life. Love is active and it grows from interest in someone and things that matter permanently. Love isn't a selfish thing. The more we seek love selfishly the less we find of it. The more we seek it in the welfare of others, the sooner we find it. I read this the other day and am discovering how true it is. Real love is free enough — yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit. You can find love as you learn to distinguish between the real and the counterfeit, and as you make up your mind to have the real — not the counterfeit.

THE PINMATE

I'm pinned and very much in love. It's a more assured, realistic, deeper love than it was at first. I want to do things for him and try to put him before myself in my thoughts and decisions. I find myself looking for deeper things, not whether he is just fun and dresses well. One of the most important changes my new love has brought is a deeper understanding when differences of opinion arise. I try to see his point of view first because I now think the differences aren't as important as how we solve them. This love is a plateau after which even more wonderful aspects of love will come.

AN ENGAGED COED

Love is the most wonderful awakening of sensitive feeling. You begin to know the man you love from deep down inside. You start to think, feel, react and experience things as he does — a growing together. Through a sharing of emotions these experiences become more meaningful for you both — the joys, sorrows, the laughter and even frustrations have a tremendous impact for you together. An uninspiring job has new challenge and brings a greater feeling of satisfaction when it has been worked on together. His sorrow hurts you too, because you are beginning to feel with him. You find new vistas of life, expanded reason for living and a much greater appreciation for God's gift of love.

YOUNG MARRIEDS

Love is living together, being together constantly, exploring the realms of each other's personality. It's dreaming with your feet on the ground — knowing, believing that someday we'll be able to have a home something like the one in a favorite magazine picture — some children a little like the cute ones down the street. It's planning, wondering about the future. It's my husband putting the wash through the wringer while I hang the clothes up on the line, just as much as it's taking a walk together on a rainy night. Two people each most concerned about the other's well-being, but still not lost in the other's identity — this is love.

A FATHER SAYS

To define love is no easy task; love at any stage is an abstract that means many things to many people. To express love in words, to reduce it to written lines, is to fix or immobilize that which cannot be made to stand still. Love grows or changes from day to day or it dies. After 10 years of marriage, it's something more than the electric shock of physical attraction, the color of her eyes and the way she looks in her party clothes. These things remain, but love is the sum total of a great deal more.

LOVE

by *Ann Baur*

Foods and Nutrition Sophomore

It's living and making liveable a run-down apartment; it's waiting outside the delivery room in a cold sweat; it's bearing and rearing children and hoping they'll grow straight and strong — mentally, morally and physically. Love is eating macaroni and cheese with gusto when the budget won't permit steak and mushrooms; it's endless laundry, ironing, house-cleaning, meal preparation and dishwashing for the girl you married. For both, it's "doing with" and "doing without," hoping for and working for and attaining together.

An ability to give and take, to share and to sacrifice — that's love. And most of all it's a willingness to give of one's self. Love softens disappointments, eases the hurt of setbacks, melts the irritation that brought misunderstanding and makes new understanding possible. It laughs and it cries and it binds up wounds. Loving is living, but living that seeks to create and achieve and which results in a life that is never lonely nor friendless, for only friends can stay in love.

A FORTY YEAR MAN

I never knew how wonderful my wife was, or how wonderful anyone could be, until we were married. We have been married now for about 40 years. When I married her, she was an attractive girl with blonde hair, friendly and very fair I thought; but only in the years to come did I discover how much friendliness and fairness she possessed. How interested she is in all I do.

When I'm happy, I have someone to share it with, which quadruples my joy. When I'm sad, I have someone vitally interested to talk it over with and lighten the load. I enjoy her company on my business trips and talking things over on the way home.

Watching our child grow up increased our love. To us — she naturally was the greatest child. When she was selected to a national college honorary, we glowed with pride because she was ours, a part of our love. And our joy was greater for her because we shared it together.

When my wife is gone, our home is like a barn, empty and without feeling; but when she is there it becomes a home, a home where love is.

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